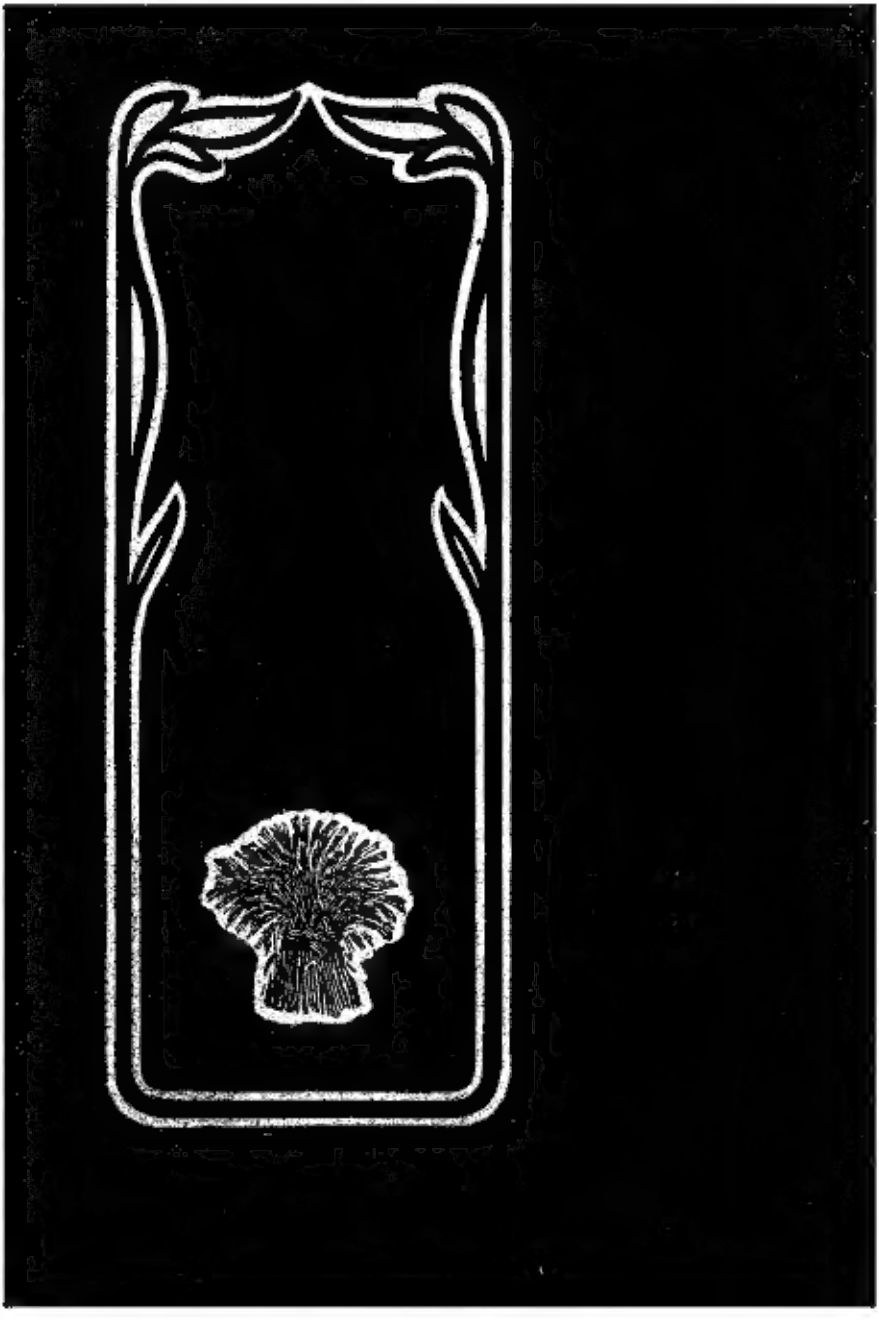


WORDS *from the* WOMEN OF WESTERN CANADA

Issued by
The Canadian Pacific Railway
Company
1903

Cutting the Grain—Western Canada

Western Women Pioneers

The Story of Their Struggles and Successes

As Told by Themselves

THERE is an instinct which impels men and women to deeds of heroism; that instinct was surely inborn in those brave-hearted women pioneers who came to lay the foundation stone of this prairie home-land of Western Canada. The women pioneers of the west, when they came, came to conquer; and, if the coming seemed to them nothing remarkable or calling for praise, those coming after, hearing the story of those early-day trials, the trying circumstances encountered and difficulties overcome, can only say: To the women pioneers of the Canadian West, Posterity owes a debt of gratitude which only Time and History can repay.

Let us visit these women pioneers; let us go to them in their homes; let us hear them tell the tales which shall have made the history of the past the pride of the sons and daughters of the future.

Mrs. Hunderdos in Her Home

A smart drive of some eighteen miles, over prairie trails skirting the line of the North-Western branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, reveals an upland stretch of ground, where thrown in rich relief against the parched stubble of October fields, and hedged in by stacks of yellow grain, barns and granary, the comfortable farmhouse of a woman pioneer stands.

Mrs. E. Hunderdos, with her husband and three small children, left the Netherlands in North Holland nine years ago. They landed in Winnipeg, Manitoba, with a cash capital just sufficient to enable them to purchase an ox and cart with which to begin life in a new and unknown land. Thee struck across country in the rude conveyance, the husband and father casting an anxious eye, seeking where to stay wandering foot upon the threshold of the new home. Within two weeks of his arrival at Saltcoats, Assiniboia, he died, leaving penniless, without any knowledge of the speech or customs of the country, his wife, three children and an unborn babe. Then it was that the sturdy Dutch character proved itself. Kind neighbours offered sympathy and aid; the government officials, knowing the helplessness of the woman's case, offered to send her back, with her little ones, to Holland, but she refused to go back, saying that at home there was no future for her children, no free lands for her people; and by signs she expressed a desire to stay and work out fortune or failure where she was so bereaved. Thus handicapped the brave woman began the struggle of life in Western Canada. Her case aroused attention. The Legislative member for the district, himself a Hollander and a pioneer settler, undertook to apply for a homestead under the "Homestead Act" for the head of this poor family. She fulfilled the duties of a settler, sleeping each night in a rude shack upon the tract of land she now called "Home"; working as house servant each day; keeping her little ones about her, earning food and clothes, and gaining slowly and steadily a right and title to one hundred and sixty acres of good Canadian soil.

She plowed her fields, built her fences, sowed her grain; and three years from the date of arrival was a naturalized citizen of Canada, a land owner, and the possessor of a few head of stock, all earned by the labour of her two woman hands.

That was nine years ago—in 1893; in October, 1902, Mrs. Hunderdos was the owner of a half-section of land under cultivation, cattle and horses browsed on the hillside of her home, a garden gave of its fruits, eight stacks of golden grain stood sentinels against "Want" at her doorway. She was a partner in an ex-Iowan's farm business, conducting the sales of grain, purchase of stock, etc.; her eldest daughter was comfortably married and settled on an adjoining farm, two little daughters rode their ponies each day to a school three miles away; and, in the words of the ex-Iowan, her business partner: "Her like isn't to be found; she runs the farm like clock-work, going on the stack, the reaper or the plow, when we are a man short, as is often the case; she attends to the shipping of the grain, keeping the accounts, paying out and buying in with wisdom and judgment, and is to-day worth at least fifteen thousand dollars in cash, stock, land and grain." In her own words she believes, "Canada is the place for the man or woman who wants to get on." This woman's name is Mrs. E. Hunderdos, her prairie home is in the township of Theodore, eighteen miles from the town of Yorkton, Assiniboia, in the North-West Territories.

What Esther Gainor Gained

Another woman pioneer is Mrs. Esther Gainor, who came with her husband and ten children from Durham County in Ontario, in 1879. They had no capital whatsoever, but undertook homesteading at Arnaud, on a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Soon after they settled down the father of the family died, leaving a penniless wife to undertake the safe conduct through life of a helpless family. In what country under the sun could such a heavy undertaking be accepted by a woman, save in Canada? The eldest boy was but eight years of age, and with this little human prop Esther Gainor set out to win fortune in the west. Did she succeed? To-day, in October, 1902, she is to be found successfully carrying on a grain, stock and dairy farm; she is the owner of three hundred and twenty acres of some of the

best land in Manitoba; every acre stands free of debt—she has paid off, since the death of her husband, in 1889, a debt of $1700, and at Carlowrie, five miles from her little country estate, you'll find her comfortably housed next door to the school house. There she bought an acre of land, built a house to live in upon it, in order that she may send her children to school. Willie Gainor, now twelve years old, manages the farm.

Willie Gainor, the 12-year old Farmer

A Wiltshire Woman

Perhaps the most cheerful amongst all cheerful women settlers finds her Canadian home next door to Esther Gainor. She is an English lady, the wife of W. Doubleday, who is the scion of a titled house in good old Wiltshire, England. "My husband," said this lady, "walked one hundred and fifty miles looking for work, when he first came to the country;" and then she added with a smile, "when he had gone that distance he discovered, that without knowing it, he had passed that which he had sought many times. You see we English people have much to learn when we come out to this country. How do I like the prairies?" she asked brightly; "Well, looking at this little white-washed shack, you'd think perhaps that we are very poor, but we are not. I've been out six years," she said; "I went home with my babies last year; my husband was going to build a new house but he wanted me to go home and live for a

few years there with my family; he thought that I had earned a holiday, he said, after a long working time. Well, I took the money that was to have gone into the new house and I went back home," here she laughed merrily. "I wasn't there a month till I got restless. In London, where my sisters have very fine houses, I felt encompassed—I wanted more room, more air—more breathing space—more freedom! I began to realize that though my friends lived in elegant houses they really owned nothing: everything was somebody else's, the house, the grounds, nothing really belonged to anybody; and then I began to think of my broad acres—of my cozy little prairie home—I wanted to hear the tinkle of the cow-bells—the wild bird's call, the song of the reaper; and oh, how I wanted to see the sunrises and sunsets I had left behind! I wrote to Will and said I was coming back. My people were awfully disgusted, of course, and were really angry at me, for I only remained a few months; so here I am, vexed at myself for spending so much money in a trip which I might have taken later, but experience teaches," she said cheerfully; "What we have here, our farm, stock, grain fields, and little home, is our own—all earned by ourselves; and my opinion? well you can say to my compatriots, 'Canada is the right place for those who wish for independence; and the proverb 'Do without' is the only motto one needs to follow for the first year or so'; at least that's what we found when we came out here without either cash or a knowledge of the world."

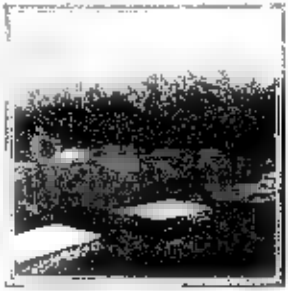
On a Prairie Trail

A Bee Farm

All kinds of industries have their place in the prairie-land, but a Bee Farm at Carlowrie, Manitoba, claims attention chiefly because it is worked and run by Mrs. George Devitt and her daughter Nellie. Mrs. Devitt, a bright-faced, active little woman of five-and-forty, was found gathering the honey from her bee-fields. The odd little honey workers were creating quite an uproar at being robbed of the season's toil, but Miss Nellie, enveloped in netting and long-wristed gloves, was "smoking" the hives, while her mother, with a deft dexterity, lifted the roof of each hive and picked out the combs which were transferred at once to the honey-house—the honey-house being a sort of dairy, where rows upon rows of shining jars, some filled and some waiting to be filled, stood upon white-washed shelves. An extractor, a patent machine, stood upon a block in the middle of the dairy, and upon a table at hand some bee knives lay. While the ladies went on with the work of extracting the honey I learned something of the gains of this odd industry. Mrs. Devitt states that a single hive—the cost of which is $10 (£2) gives in a single season larger returns than that of a dairy cow. The cost of bee-keeping is almost *nil* in the prairie-west, there being such an abundance of wild-flowers—the early spring, the summer season and the Indian summer following with its myriad wild

Manitoba Sweetness

[illegible]



A Scotchwoman's Success

[illegible]

came. We gave up a good deal, of course, by coming in the early days, but have we not been repaid? On the prairie-farm our boys grew strong and rugged in body, brave and healthy in mind, quick and useful in hand. Even in those early days," said the mother, "we found educational advantages: schools, colleges and universities were at the door, I may say. Our eldest boy studied medicine, he is now superintending physician in the Vancouver General Hospital; our second boy graduated in Arts in the Winnipeg University, he manages the farm now. My daughters are both well settled, one married to a leading Winnipeg physician, the other lives only a few miles from me, in one of the best farm-houses in the west.

"Oh, yes, we began small, like every one else in the west; we lived in that small log shanty you see down there for a number of years, but as soon as we could afford to do so we built this place. Tullichewen? Yes, it is called after our old home in Scotland and is a blending of age and happy memories."

"A woman's work?" queried Mrs. McEwen, "why, of course, a woman's true work is with in the home. I can imagine no greater life of pleasure than that found on a prairie farm; the difficulty is, of course, that help is so hard to be had. I wonder that more hardy Scotchwomen, having a knowledge of farm work, do not come out here; wages are high and work to be had the entire year round. Indeed, the only drawback to the west is its few trained home-workers.

In answer to a further question the lady laughed and said: "Bring out servants? What's the use? They marry almost immediately after coming out to Canada, and instead of solving the domestic problem, their coming only seems to deepen its mystery, for the bachelor farmers are all rich, independent, and they, in turn, when they marry, require help themselves. Do you see the situation?" asked the lady laughing merrily.

The interior of "Tullichewen" would surprise an Old Country visitor whose ideas of the "wild-and-woolly" west are fanciful. The neat kitchen contained a modern range with every appliance for cooking. The floors were painted and the walls were white; the dainty curtains, drawn apart, revealed a large vegetable garden, lately robbed of its season's fruits; these were found stored in a stone-floor and walled basement, where a furnace gave

[illegible] The [illegible] was large [illegible] appointed [illegible] place reflects [illegible] sideboard and [illegible] annexed showed in the choice of books there ranged. The trend of thought to be both wise and learned. A boudoir on the second floor gave an air of elegance, and the sleeping rooms were models of housewifely pride and care. Pictures upon the walls [illegible] and here and [illegible] down to the open writing-desk where was observed the crested seal [illegible] read "Reversco," the design being a blasted oak out of which springs the renewed leaf or flower.

Outside the house, its broad acres reached for a great distance on either side. "Father bought the place in 188[illegible]," said the lady, "and he and the boys have put some elbow-grease in it since then. Last year we shipped seven thousand bushels of grain; this year? Well, next week will tell the tale, for father [illegible] bought a threshing machine and tomorrow they begin work upon the stacks. Father says that this season is a record-breaker, though!

"How does farm-life in the west compare with Old Country farming? You can't compare the two," she said. "You see, at home [illegible] fertilization [illegible] here there you've got to buy fertilizers. At home you must have capital to start here, the only capital required is energy and will. Aye, it's a grand country for a poor man, or a poor woman," said Mrs. McEwen reflectively, "but if you want to prove that just call and see Jack Grant's wife on the adjoining farm."

Jack Grant's Bonnie Wife

In a Tiny Log Hut

The first glimpse you got of Jack Grant's home proved the statement. It is a home with an air of pride as well as prosperity about it. Well-trained spruce and maple trees shelter its well-kept grounds; barns and outbuildings, costing eighteen hundred dollars this year, add to the farm house a look of luxury, and yet, in 1880, Jack Grant walked into Brandon town—then a town of tents—penniless!

The little wife began the struggle of life in a tiny log hut; she sang success into existence, it may be said for, while her stout-hearted young husband worked in the fields without, within, the deft-handed little wife "kept things moving."

"Well," she laughed shyly, "you would have me sit down and wait for fortune to come, would you? Of course I worked—worked hard. I had my dairy work and my poultry, and though it was up-hill for the first few years, you see, we started with nothing but our four hands; still we could see we were getting ahead, and that was an encouragement to keep on trying!

"We had one bad set-back," she said, thoughtfully, "we lost everything we had by fire after we got well started. That did seem hard, and Jack felt as if there was no use beginning again; indeed, he pretty nearly threw up the sponge and wanted to move further west! But I'd got to love the old place—the very fields seemed to hold me back—but then again there was nothing but the ashes of all we had worked so hard for.

"'We'll go west and begin again!' my husband said. 'Well, Jack,' I said, 'if we've got to begin again, why not begin again right here?'"

"We did," said the bright little woman, "we began again without a dollar, and—this with a laugh, "if you wanted to buy us out to-day you'd have to dive down pretty deep in your pocket!"

"Why, you can't fail out west," said Mrs. Grant, "you actually seem to succeed in spite of yourself!" and who will contradict so alive an authority?

A City Woman's Success

Within sight of the pretty town of Regina—the capital of the Territories—the flying arms of a giant windmill attract the eye. The windmill stands upon a farm known as the "Admiral's Place." The Admiral was an English gentleman who sunk more than a well upon the premises. This is only stated so as to show that the monied man may miss success while the woman without money may find and secure it. A drive out to the "Admiral's Place" one day last October found at the churn-dasher a lady who is more frequently seen at social functions in town. On that

particular day, however, she was "receiving," and a table placed cat-a-corner to admit a double dozen of guests, revealed the happy fact that the threshers were coming. There wasn't a housemaid on the grounds, a Canadian woman who could only talk English by signs, was "getting in the way," and a bright-faced little daughter of the house busied herself about the long dining table.

"Come to talk about the farm?" echoed the mistress of the place, "Don't you see the dozens of hungry men on the stacks out here? But if you don't mind the noise of the dasher, or a few spats of cream, why ask away and I'll tell you all I know about farm-life in the west!"

Presently the lady warmed to her subject.

"You see I feel responsible for this move on the farm," she said, "sometimes I think I undertook a good deal; that's when I get tired," she smiled; "sometimes I am very proud of the work, that's when it's done!" she laughed, "but I'll tell you how we came to be farmers. As you know, we lived in town and lived right up to the last dollar of Mr. Lopez's salary. We began to see how people on farms got on, why, look at the Cullums, the Mitchells, the Wilkies, the Hamiltons, look at everybody in the district! All began with nothing and are getting wealthy year by year! The churn-dasher having done its work, the lady began the pretty process of forming the granules into a golden mound. While she salted and shaped the rolls she talked.

"One day I said to Mr. Lopez, why don't you take the Admiral's Place? he's only playing at farming, let's try what we can do for one summer anyway? That broke the ice and one day, after considerable coaxing, I found myself packing up furniture in town, and next day unpacking it in the country."

"I think it was the joy of the children that gave my husband patience that first season; of course he blistered his hands and I blistered my hands and face, but we got a garden in the first season, and, would you believe it, I made enough out of that garden to—well, to buy half a cow! My husband bought the other half," the lady laughed, "but I had to mortgage the first season's butter on the debt."

"What dreadful bad butter it was, too!" she said, gravely; "we couldn't eat it ourselves! Positively, I carried my own

butter to the shops and bought butter for my table, I was ashamed to let Mr. Pope know I couldn't improve on my trials. And I used to make a great show of making my butter, hide it out of sight, and, bringing on the table the boughten article freshly sprinkled with water, would say: 'There now, tell me what you think of that!'

'He always pronounced it 'excellent!' My conscience pricked me worse than my currant bushes,' said Mrs. Pope. 'And I knew I couldn't go on buying butter indefinitely; so every day after Mr. Pope had gone to his office, I would hie me away to the Government creamery, and, putting on cap and apron, I would take my lessons in the mysteries of butter-making.

This lady has demonstrated how a city-bred woman, without experience or capital, can make a practical success of farm life, for to-day, four years after a timid start, her dairy butter is sold at premium prices; indeed, any traveller along the great trans-continental line of railway can test this statement, for the dining-table of the Canadian Pacific Railway has contracted with this lady for the delivery each week of one hundred pounds of butter for its tables, and the impression 'J. C. P.' will be found on every pound supplied. Mrs. Pope is a prize-winner each year in butter-making contests at every agricultural fair.

Mr. J. C. Pope, having discovered that money was to be made on a rented farm, considered more might be laid by on one's own premises! He accordingly purchased last year a half section at four dollars an acre; the rapid rise in land values now rates the same property at twenty-five dollars an acre. Six thousand bushels of grain has he shipped this season, and a fine herd of Ayrshire cattle, with some splendid horse-flesh, swine and poultry as well, are the outcome of a brave-hearted wife's wish to try farm life for a single season!

The Mr. Pope referred to is a well-known official of the North-West Government at Regina.

From Cart to Carriage

What Boggy Creek Boasts

"Boggy Creek," in Assiniboia, has nothing to boast in sound or name, but Boggy Creek is proud in the possession of many prosperous settlers. One only shall be named. An "Old timer" of this district is Malcolm King, who is an excellent example of what Success upon the shoals of Failure may do.

"We've nothing to boast of about our start in life in the prairie land," said Mr. King's smiling wife, "for when we came into this place we had lost everything and had pretty well decided that things couldn't be much worse. How much capital had we when we came? Malcolm had exactly $25 (£5) the day we struck the creek and a wild bit of unbroken prairie waste it was that summer day."

"That was in 1882," chimed in King himself, "and the wife had to rough it for the first few years pretty hard.

"Well, we went through that once, and that's enough," said Malcolm's wife sagely. "What the people want to know is how we got along, not how we felt about it." There was much to tell. Speaking for itself the tumble-down log shack in the rear of the fine stone house, which cost $3,000 in the building, flanked by a stone-built, red-roofed Ontario-patterned barn, costing $1,500 more, told the story of progress and of perseverance.

And the well-tilled fields, fenced in and stacked heavily with an overflowing season's yield; the home interior with its prettily carpeted floors and daintily curtained walls; books and plants and music—for an old-fashioned spinet stood in a corner—and then the story told itself. And the humble beginning of this ample home? In 1882, capital twenty-five dollars. In 1902, eight hundred and sixty acres of well-cultivated land, buildings costing five thousand five hundred dollars, stock and grain. How was it gained? By the help of the brave-hearted wife who, year by year, in that strenuous struggle, sat each harvest season on the binder, and sometimes followed the plow as well! Many a mile of fence line had her busy hands helped to build; many a day in the sun-scorched grain field side by side with her husband she toiled, and at evening around the lamp-lit table teaching her little ones the lessons which the busy day had robbed of these necessary family joys. Six splendid boys and girls now brighten that Boggy Creek home, and in answer to the query "What are you

going to bring your boys up?" A splendid wife and mother's prompt answer was, "Farmers, all of them—farmers, of course!" with a to the further question, "And your daughters?" "Farmers' wives!" came the smiling reply.

Malcolm King's success proves that failure may be overcome and success won by simple effort and a fair share of will. Where, save in Western Canada, could twenty years' work bring greater reward?

Mrs. Thomas McCloy

A NORTH OF IRELAND WOMAN'S WORDS

"When we came out to the Saskatchewan from Belfast in Ireland," said Mrs. McCloy, of Prince Albert, "we had no time-honored notion that we were coming into winter quarters. Instead of that, we found ourselves offered a choice of superior lands anywhere along the road we travelled, where from April until November the grass is green. My," said the lady, "the ignorance of the Old Country people concerning Canada out here is amazing. There's no use telling the folks that the winter is the western farmer's most valuable season! The flesh-forming cereals come from our winter snows, and as a money-making season, why the winter frost-time is the day of the freighter's harvest! We get our wood supply, do our fence-rail cutting and hauling, and if the Irish brewery builders could only have our soil whereon to raise the barley used in the manufacture of their famous malts, why, what a world of topers we would all be! Yes, I like the North West very much—why shouldn't I? We came here without any capital, to speak of, we had about five hundred dollars, but there were four children to house and feed, remember! At first we thought it rather strange, living on a prairie farm, but the neighbors were just splendid, volunteering help in every way, and we began to feel at home almost directly. We had a school-house and church at the door, wild fruits were plentiful, fish and game at all seasons, and although we lost our first season owing to the rebellion breaking out, for we reached here just before 1885, and the troubles of that time made work plentiful and money easy to get.

"But the season following we had a great crop, prices were good, the market was ready, and as I have said, cash plentiful. There was freighting to do in winter-time, and a day's work

A Colleston Career

"Anything to do?" she broke out laughing. "Indeed but we will. The winter is not the winter of our discontent," she quoted, "but it is the time of our rest from active labor. We have our sewing and knitting and mending to do—there's the covering for little active hands and feet; and the men-folk? Oh, well, there's rail-hauling, wood-chopping and curing for another winter, and the little social ways we have of running around to visit with the neighbors. It's the time of the 'Bee,' she said, nodding, 'the raising of barns and stables a way is means the gathering from far and near of all the neighborhood around, for although it is a changed country in many ways still the old plan of helping each other prevails!"

"Our start out? she asked. "Well, when George and I started life on this farm we began rather badly: we went in debt $250.00; that is, we bought a team of horses and a plough, mortgaged them and until the first crop came off the place, had a pretty hard pull. There is a dollar owing on the place—land, house, stock or implements—to-day; indeed, we are thinking about taking a holiday when winter comes. We've been nine years holding down the place and we've about decided to take a run down home. Stay there? Land sakes! do you think I could live anywhere but on the Saskatchewan? Well, I guess not!"

The Wife of an M. L. A. Speaks

WHAT A SEWING-MACHINE DID

"The best little wife that ever stepped in shoe-leather!" said William Plaxton, ex-Member of the Legislative Assembly of the Territorial Government, when he introduced a bright-faced little lady of some five-and-forty years of age. And who should know this better than the man who possesses so brave a wife?

When Bill Plaxton went west from Woodstock in Ontario, he went with two small sons, a brave-hearted little wife and a pair of empty pockets.

"You run the farm-work," said the wife, "and I'll rustle the cash to keep the table going." And she did. Many a night the sewing-machine sang the song of long, busy fingers evolved the problem of "How to get along," and the little two-roomed log house prospered, while byres and barns, stables and granaries

A Bachelor's Home

Along the highway of the Saskatchewan valley many beautiful farm-homes may be found. One, being a model bachelor's home, may be described, its owner, Alexander Louden, a County Armagh Irishman, who came out over twenty years ago, admitted his only fault with the country was "The scarcity of women." Louden is the owner of section 10, Tp. 48, Rg. 24 West of 2nd Mer., and his start out in life was as a woods lumberman. Out of a capital of "wooden hands," he has evolved the problem "How to get along," as he is the owner of 3,000 acres of land, has the best stud of horses on the Saskatchewan, a large number of high-bred cattle range on meadow lands, and he has a bank account of the bulging order.

This gentleman in an interview said:—"A married man has a fine chance in this country, but a single man must learn to do without the comforts of life. If we had more women out here we men would be encouraged to work for a future, but it's a dull work going home to a fireless hearth when the day's work is done. Why do not Old Country unmarried women come out and take up farming as an occupation? Well, I can't answer that question," said he, "unless it is that the North-West bachelors won't let them stay single! My! he added enthusiastically, "If some of those moneyed women in the Old Land only knew what a splendid investment a prairie farm makes, what a rush there would be to the west.

"What capital is needed for a woman farmer? Well, let us calculate," said Mr. Louden taking out a stub pencil and envelope somewhere from a pocket sewed in by himself.

The passage out, say	$ 45 00
Office fee, homestead entry (giving free grant of land, 160 acres)	10 00
Building log house, say	80 00
Furnishing same	60 00
Experienced help hired first year	200 00
Purchase of plows, wagon, horses, disc, etc.	300 00
Seed grain	30 00
Cows, pigs, poultry, say	100 00
Supplies for first season	75 00
Total	$900 00 (£185)

"Of course," said Louden, pocketing his pencil stub, "that's a pretty liberal allowance, but with $1,000 (£200) any woman, with even a limited knowledge of farming, could make a grand start in life right here on the Saskatchewan.

"Ask Dunn, of Saskatoon," said Mr. Louden, "he'll tell you what a wife is worth on the farm or ranch!" and then the story of Dunn came out. Dunn is a Quebecer who lives at Saskatoon. He is a large rancher and is the owner of the now famous pacer "Howard S." and "Wild Hel," the fastest running pony in Canada.

Dunn had his horses entered last year on the Calgary race-track, and with his wife he came into Prince Albert intending to catch the outgoing train to Calgary. He got to the station just as the tail-end of the last car passed out of sight! Dunn began to swear like a trooper for losing that train meant losing the race, he made the air blue for a while, and when his little wife could get his ear she whispered into it! Dunn caught the message and in five minutes he sent it speeding down the telegraph wire. In an hour a special train left Moose Jaw and later reached Prince Albert for its single passenger. Dunn was that passenger! He paid $500.00 for the wife's whisper, but he won the race and the money that day. Miss the money? No, he's one of the biggest ranchers in Canada, and he married a true native woman who doesn't believe in losing a chance. "Oh, yes," said Louden, "a wife and a farm in Saskatchewan reads Success!"

A Maiden-Lake Home

High on a grassy knoll, "Maiden-Lake Farm," on Red Deer Hill, Saskatchewan, stands the beautiful home of a widow-woman who conducts a large farm. Mrs. George Thompson is now somewhat up in years, but a bright face reflects the active brain of a woman worker. A family of five came to the west with George Thompson and his young wife in 1885, and in the lady's own words: "The greatest drawback we found in those early days was the distance between neighbors; as the years went by this objection was removed, and now, as you see, every half-mile or so, fine farm-homes dot the highway. From the first we sent the children to town to attend school; they drove in each morning, returning at six o'clock, winter and summer, and indeed

the three miles, which at first seemed so great a distance, was, after a while, just a fine walk to the boys and girls too! Yes, they were able to keep up their music and, taking it altogether we found we had lost nothing but gained much in coming west. When my husband died, his wish was that I should carry on the farm. The boys were able to manage quite well, having grown up on the place, and being healthy and sound in body and limb, enjoyed doing the duties about the farm. I myself attended to the dairy work. Yes, this with a shy laugh, "I am considered quite a butter-maker, but here, where the creameries relieve the farmers' wives of all care of the milk, even dairy work is mere pastime. If I were to answer your question as to what we are now worth," said the lady, "you might think me boastful, but indeed we started with only $200.00, five children were born then, and our first crop was on 320 acres of government land which we bought at $1.00 an acre. Now we count 40 head of sheep, 10 horses, 10 cows with young heifers running, poultry and a fine pen of pigs; the new buildings you see, the house, the granary, three stables and barns have all been recently built. We house our stock in winter, there's plenty of native hay and it's quite as nutritious as an Ontario over field. We don't owe a dollar on land, buildings or machinery, and indeed we have nothing but good to say of the country. It is essentially a young people's country—it is the only place in the world, I think, where no capital is required. A mere farm hand can get $15.00 a month with board and lodging including winter time and during the summer season and harvest time he can easily get twice that sum. As for women servants, they could claim any wage desired in farm labour, but the women all marry as soon as they come to Canada."

Mrs. Thompson's home is an excellent sample of what refinement and woman's skill combined may accomplish. The home-made draped beds, home-wrought carpets and rugs, the piano open and showing classical selections thereon, the crayon drawings upon the walls, a neat shelf of books, with English classics peering between, a child of mental with material growth. Three handsome daughters wrought lustrous upon some pretty muslin stuff, for they were belles that same evening at the wedding party of a girl friend.

A Bachelor Girl Speaks

Driving down the Regina trails, as hard as a city asphalt pavement, a young lady holding taut rein on a spirited pony was met. "There goes a bachelor girl farmer!" said the driver. "What do you think of that for a country turn-out?"

The lady was quite young in years; she didn't give a passer-by the idea of a toil-worn farm woman; on the contrary, she appeared a well-to-do business woman, clad in a handsome seal picket, a neat toque, completely up-to-date driving attire, and the carriage she was seated in was quite as fine as any city stable could show. Following the wheels of her dog-cart, the interviewer came up to the door of the bachelor girl's farm, which lies about four miles from the military headquarters at Regina.

A more cozy home may not be found in all the west, the first thing that claimed attention being an art easel with an unfinished sketch upon its bars.

"You're looking at my undone work," said the lady, whose name I may here state, is Marie Gilroy. "The scrubbing brush is more in the line of my present duties," she added, laughing "for the threshers only left the house yesterday, and I haven't begun to straighten up yet."

"Yes, I'm a genuine farmer," she admitted, "my art is merely a winter's amusement, for I was obliged to give it up as a means of livelihood some years ago. It was this way. I had been travelling considerable, being in ill-health, and coming to Toronto I consulted a physician. He ordered me at once to the North-West, told me to burn my paint brushes and give myself a chance for life by imbibing the pure prairie air. I asked him how I was going to live, for I reminded him you can't live on air, even if it's pure prairie air. He then said, 'Why don't you go to work on one of the big farms out there? Women are wanted, and if you don't gain your lost health in less than a year,' said he, 'you'll be the first one that didn't.'"

"I took his advice, came west, took up this bit of land—it's a half section—and, yes, I run it all alone. My brother, a student, lives with me, but I manage the work of the farm myself, keeping one hired man the year round, and during the busy seeding and threshing seasons, securing the help of three and sometimes four men."

"My opinion of woman's work on the farm? Well, to tell you the truth, I think I made a mistake in beginning as a grain-grower only. I intend to get into mixed farming as soon as I can, for, on the prairie, I find mixed farming pays best.

"What I wonder at is that the idea is prevalent that hoeing and sowing go hand-in-hand with 'not knowing anything'! Why, if there is a calling in life requiring quick intellect and good taste with judgment, it is on the farm. How is a farmer going to farm without knowledge of the chemical composition of soils? Drainage is a scientific study; climatic changes require watching, and certain crops, like certain lines of trade and commerce, vary in values at certain seasons, while substances in soil change quite as readily as market quotations. How many farmers understand the three necessary component parts of the earth they till? Why some of them scarcely know 'scrubland' when they see it! Why, harvesting the crop requires equal knowledge as in sowing; you can obtain a high yield or reap indifferent returns according to your knowledge of reaping, stooking and stacking! I should say, general intelligence is the most necessary attribute a man or woman going in for farming needs.

"I've been farming seven years, yes, I make my living by it, it is quite true that I sit on the binder in harvest time, that I've followed the plow, and, you haven't heard the worst, she laughed, "for I've cleaned my stables when the necessary man wasn't about to do it! Yes, said the lady, "I'm an enthusiast on prairie farming; why not? From a semi-invalid, existing on a bare living brought in by my paintings, I've grown to be the healthiest of women! Well, no, not exactly the 'wealthiest' as well, but I've no reason to complain of my financial standing. I don't owe a dollar, I've a clear title to my 320 acres; 140 acres are broken and 210 acres ready for crop another season. I threshed from the stook this year and I've just come from town where I arranged to ship my season's crop. I'm not holding my grain for the 'rise', I'm taking fifty-five cents a bushel, and I'm going away for a holiday trip in a few weeks.

"Life on a prairie farm is an ideal existence, that is if you don't get into a 'rut'. I believe no life is so elevating as farm

A Mennonite Settlement

there is plenty of money, too. When I came out from my country, said she, "we had just 90 roubles ($45.00), and the babies came so quick, five of them, that I think perhaps it is not we.

Here the wife of Esau broke in: "Eight children came to my house, and they are not too many! In this country there is plenty of room for people. When my man came here first he had no money, now we have a fine house, big barns and plenty of grain. My old mother and father last year spoke together, they said, 'we are twenty-five years in Canada and will now go home, we do not need to work any more.' They take 800 roubles ($400) and buy tickets to Ostervick in Russia where they were born. Hoch! You think they stay there? In four months they buy more tickets and come back—yes, and they tell the people in Russia to come, too!"

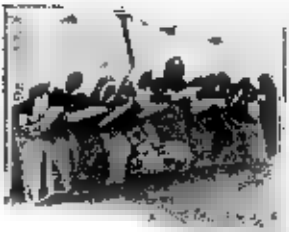
Dame Esau's home is a model one. She has her driving horse and a fine carriage, just as you see it, standing at her door in the prairie land. "In Russia," she said meaningly, "the poor man is his own horse, here in Canada he is the master of the horse!"

"Ach, yes!" broke in Mrs. Dyeke, "in Russia you pay $6.00 rent for every acre of ground, then you pay one dollar every year to the government for every head of your family. A man must give one day free work too, on his place, every year (statute labour) for his land master, and then he has no money in his pocket. In Russia two kinds of people: very rich people, very poor people! Here in Canada everybody rich."

Then the coffee went round, and better made coffee was surely never tasted! The interior of the home was a model of housewifely skill, the big high beds with their home-woven blankets and home-wrought quilts, gay in color and pattern, the large "presses" for clothing and for dishes were made by the men-folk, and the stoves were built into the centre of the house, of bricks and mortar with huge ovens, the whole being made by the men of the house on the Russian plan.

The large houses, well built and finished after modern styles, might belong to any Canadian well-to-do business man. Barns and granaries, stacks of grain and machinery of all kinds were to be seen, cattle and horses, swine and poultry at each dwelling,

A Doukhobor Home



A Roumanian Group

[illegible]

[illegible]

What a Small Beginning Did

[illegible]

The Old House and the New

An Old-Timer Talks

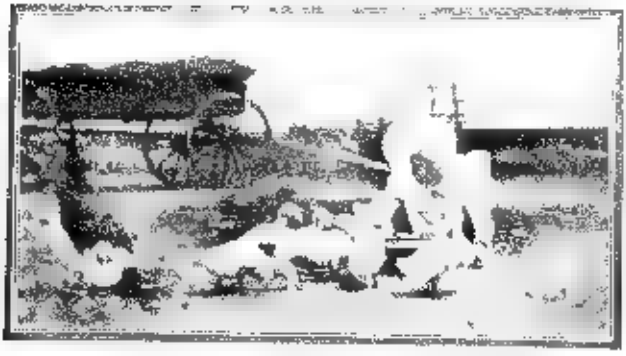
started out in a big wagon, the provision supply being confined to necessaries. Everybody lived in tent houses in summer and in log-shacks—mudded, one-window affairs, put up without any regard to geometrical lines. Ceilings were made of unbleached cotton, the strips being tacked to the poles above, a pole floor or an earthern one being the only choice.

"It was the women who suffered those early-day times, but it was the women who said nothing about it. Do you know," said the old-timer confidentially, "I once walked a few miles down the trail to visit a neighbor and when I arrived at her little log home it was to find a new baby had arrived an hour before, and the only attendant the mother had was a ten-year-old girl, the eldest of the family. The doctor came to the settlement with later innovations, and only for the heroic hearts of the women who settled the West, there wouldn't be an acre of ground broken here to-day!

"Women's work in the west? Well, I believe the true woman's work has not been undertaken yet in the west. Farming is the thing out west. Poultry and bee raising, market gardens and dairy work, sewing, teaching, nursing—all these branches of woman's work offer inducements to small-capitalled women of the old lands. There's a great dearth of household workers everywhere—skilled cooks are in great demand. The 'general servant' is called for by thousands of homes, and the wage offered ought to induce a big immigration to the west. A cook gets from $20.00 to $40.00 a month out west, a general servant, whose duties include ordinary household tasks, receives from $12.00 to $25.00, and in richest mining districts the pay is, of course, higher. Seamstresses get $1.00 a day, with meals; teachers (qualified) receive from $35.00 to $45.00 in country schools, but the skilled housework is in the greatest demand, and any young woman coming to Canada, to any part of it, can, within two hours of landing, obtain situations.

"A woman with a capital of, say, $500 (£100) would, in Western Canada, be considered 'well-off.' With that amount she may begin to gain not only a competence but fortune. But the trouble is, as soon as these women immigrate they are snatched up by the hordes of well-to-do bachelors who lack nothing but some one to share their prairie joys! Times have

[illegible]



[illegible]

RAILWAY LANDS

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY have 14,000,000 acres of choice farming lands for sale in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Manitoba lands and Assiniboia lands east of third meridian, $3.00 to $8.00 per acre. Lands west of third meridian, $3.00 to $5.00 per acre. Maps showing the lands in detail will be sent free on application.

TERMS OF PAYMENT

An actual settler may purchase 640 acres, or less, on the ten payment plan, by which the aggregate amount of principal and interest is divided into a cash instalment to be paid at the time of purchase and nine equal deferred instalments annually thereafter, as follows:—

160 ACRES	1st INSTALMENT	
At $4.00 per acre	$ 95.85 and 9 equal instalments of	$ 80.00
" 4.50 "	107.85 and 9 equal instalments of	90.00
" 5.00 "	119.85 and 9 equal instalments of	100.00
" 5.50 "	131.80 and 9 equal instalments of	110.00
" 6.00 "	143.80 and 9 equal instalments of	120.00

Purchasers who do not undertake to go into residence on the land are required to pay one-sixth of the purchase money down, balance in five equal annual instalments with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH

If land is paid for in full at time of purchase, a reduction from price will be allowed equal to ten per cent. on five-sixths of the purchase money.

Interest at six per cent. will be charged on overdue instalments.

F. T. GRIFFIN,
Land Commissioner, C.P.R. Co.,
Winnipeg

CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND CO.

This Company have 1,000,000 acres of selected lands in Manitoba and Assiniboia which offer excellent opportunities to settlers and investors who desire to secure good lands in well settled districts. These lands are on sale at the Company's Office at Winnipeg, and at the various land agencies of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

A 33.
E T M

C.P.R. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES.

TELEPHONE No.
8514 AND 8515 (CENTRAL)

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"DELTONA, LONDON."

ARCHER BAKER,
EUROPEAN TRAFFIC MANAGER
62 TO 65, CHARING CROSS,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W. AND
67 & 68, KING WILLIAM ST., E.C.,
LONDON.

SUB-AGENCIES
LIVERPOOL 24 JAMES STREET
BRISTOL 19, ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARADE
GLASGOW: 87 ST. VINCENT STREET
ANTWERP 11 DEBRIHAN
3, QUAI TAVERNIERS.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR PASSAGE TICKETS.

☞ Parties requiring Passage Tickets should fill up this form and return it with Post Office Order or Cheque for amount of passage to

F. W. FLANAGAN,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.,
62 TO 65, CHARING CROSS,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

CHEQUES OR MONEY ORDERS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO
ARCHER BAKER.

Name of Steamer *Sailing Date*

Class of Accommodation . . *Steamer* *Rate*
(with Saloon, Second Cabin, or Third Class) (with First Class or Second Class)

**Value of Post Office Order or Cheque enclosed, £* . . . . . .

For Through Tickets from .. .. *to*

Name and Address in full to which Tickets are to be sent . .

NAMES IN FULL	Ages (only if under 12 years)	REMARKS

*Note. No charge is made for issuing tickets. Deposit of £5 must secure a Saloon Berth, and £3 a Second Cabin or Third Class Berth. Balance of fare should be paid at least before sailing, or on receipt of notice that tickets have been paid at once on receipt of notice which can be easily sent through the Post by means of Post Office Order. Tickets, luggage labels, embarkation notice and everything necessary will be forwarded.

Second Cabin and Third Class Passengers to Canada receive Free Tickets London to Liverpool.